

The Musical World.

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VOL. 60.—No. 22.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 3, will be performed
"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA" (first time this season). Rosina, Mdme Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Basilio, Signor de Reszké; and Almaviva, Signor Nicolini. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Mdme Sembrich.

MONDAY next, June 5, "IL SERRAGLIO." Costanza, Mdme Sembrich; Biondina, Mdme Valleria; Osmio, M. Gailhard; and Belmonte, Signor Frapolli.

Mdme Pauline Lucca.

TUESDAY next, June 6, "L'AFRICAIN." Selika, Mdme Pauline Lucca; Inez, Mdme Valleria; Nelusko, Signor Pandolfini; and Vasco di Gama, M. Sylva.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

THURSDAY next, June 8, MOZART's Opera, "DON GIOVANNI."

Mdme Albani.

FRIDAY next, June 9 (second time this season), WAGNER's Opera, "LOHENGRIN."

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 15s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Laton & Oller, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Olivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,
June 3, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Symphony, "Italian" (Mendelssohn); Hungarian Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra (Liszt); Pianoforte Solos; Grand Symphony, "Funèbre et Triomphale," for Military Band, Stringed Orchestra, and Chorus (Berlioz), first time in England. Vocalist—Mdme Peschka-Leutner. Pianist—Mdme Sophie Menter (last appearance at Palace this season). Crystal Palace Orchestra and Band of the Scots Guards. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen)
begs to announce that his GRAND HARP CONCERT will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY Afternoon, July 1st, at Three o'clock, assisted by the most eminent Artists. Harp Solos, Songs with Harp Accompaniment, Duets for two Harps, and several Compositions for a BAND OF HARPS. Further particulars will be duly announced. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; to be obtained of the principal Musicians and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

UNDER the immediate patronage of her Grace the Duchess of WELLINGTON.—Mr OBERTHUR's MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the MARLBOROUGH ROOMS, 307, Regent Street, on TUESDAY, June 6. Artists: Mdme Liebhart, Mdme Vogri, Mdme Doré-Desvignes, Mr Alfred Hemming, Signor Luigi Conti, Mr Frank Quatremaine, Mdme Gayard-Pacini, Herren Carl Henkel and Otto Leu, and Mr Oberthür. Conductors—Mr WM. GANZ, Signor Li Cusi, and Mr WM. CARTER. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s., at Mr Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; Messrs Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street; or of Mr OBERTHÜR, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W.

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MDME LIEBHART will sing OBERTHÜR's admired Song, "THE DISCOVERY," at the Composer's Concert, at the Marlborough Rooms, Tuesday Morning, June 6.

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MDLE VERA TIMANOFF begs to announce that she will give a **PIANOFORTE RECITAL**, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on TUESDAY Afternoon next, June 6, at Three o'clock. Further particulars will be duly announced.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

May 31.

Last night the original programme of Herr Neumann's enterprise in this country was completed, and when the *Walkyrie* and *Götterdämmerung* have again been performed at "cheap prices," the *Nibelung's Ring* will return to the land which produced it. Wagner's trilogy has not proved a success amongst us. Our public saw its approach without enthusiasm, and will witness its departure with indifference. They refused to be stimulated even by the high prices, which bespoke expectation of a rush for tickets, nor could the remarkable prominence given to the subject by the entire metropolitan press save the theatre from a disheartening array of empty seats. In so far as this bespoken lack of healthy interest in musical developments we unfeignedly regret it. A nation really progressive in art matters is neither prejudiced on the one hand nor indifferent on the other. It condemns nothing without trial, and on nothing turns its back with a yawn. For ourselves, we must confess to a suspicion that England is deficient in musical curiosity. The novelty market here hardly knows what a brisk demand means, and, as a rule, sellers realize at a loss. Herr Neumann has found this out, and possibly thinks less of us in consequence. But here all the blame does not justly lie on one side. The quality of the goods had a great deal to do with the slackness of their sale. Many of us suspected them at the first; on trial we did not like them; and in the exercise of our right we finally rejected them. That action does not want for champions and vindicators. We, for example, are prepared to justify it, out and out, as healthy and wise. More, it is clear that the attitude of English amateurs towards the *Nibelung's Ring* has been worthy of a nation which prides itself on a love of fair play. Our public fully recognized the extraordinary talent shown in the work, and did honour to its many masterful pages; they witnessed its performance with profound attention, and when compelled to an adverse opinion, expressed it, on the whole, in a judicial spirit rather than in the temper of a partizan. Richard Wagner is fond of imagining the existence of cabals. His measureless self-esteem prompts him to dream of unending conspiracies, all destined to lay him in the dust. Now it is an entire people who, though usually given to minding their own business, set in motion against his peace and credit an elaborate and powerful machinery, and now it is his natural enemies the critics who malignantly intrigue against a man by whom their incompetence has been found out. Herr Wagner will be at a loss how to lay the fate of his *Nibelung's Ring*, in London, at the door of a conspiracy. That easy way of explanation barred against him, it is just possible he may condole with Herr Neumann on having mistaken the bounds of civilization, and unwittingly taken the *Nibelung's Ring* over into barbarism. Happily, the sarcasm of Bayreuth is now more known than feared.

Looking back upon the entire matter, we see, before all, the trial of a "new art," which consists in a novel application of music to drama. This question may be considered without reference to the work which exemplifies it before the world, and really lies in a very small compass. It stands apart from such considerations as the abolition of the *aria*, and other set forms. We may concede all these to Wagner, because the life of music does not lie in them. The pith of the controversy is here—whether dramatic music shall be employed as the language of emotion, or whether, by the adoption of themes representing motives, purposes, events, and characters, it shall be transformed into a vocabulary of comment and explanation. This question cannot be evaded, neither will any argument round about it, nor any cloud of words designed to obscure it, in the least avail. It is a question which involves all that music is worth, since upon the issue turns the entire purpose of the art. Here, in fact, is no matter of law and form, but of life; no matter of development, but of transformation; no matter of outward change, but of inward renewal. We confess to amazement at the boldness of Wagner's idea, whether it was forced upon him, as he declares, by "unconscious necessity," or invented "of malice aforethought." It is an idea worthy of those mythic giants who, in the dim of the world's past, made war on heaven and strove to pull the gods from their seats. It impresses us with the arrogance of conscious strength, and with the daring of its implication that the true use of music in drama, which "Prophets and kings desired to see, But died without the sight," has at length been revealed to a

greater than they all. Amazement only deepens as we contemplate the hopelessness of this new departure. Wagner must change human nature before he can excite more than an intellectual admiration of his "new art." Lovers of novelty, admirers of the ingenious, and those whose cue is to identify themselves with innovation, run after it on grounds quite intelligible. But the nature of things always proves too strong for any artifice which ventures to defy it; and whenever, in the *Nibelung's Ring*, Wagner achieves a musical triumph, he does so quite apart from his musical system. There are pages in the work supremely illustrative of the method he has devised. Yet the public allow these to pass with complete indifference, either not knowing what they mean, or, knowing, regarding them with merely a cold perceptiveness. The same public is moved, however, when the music presents a significance other than that arbitrarily imposed upon it—when its emotionalism throws off for a time the tyranny of "leit-motives," and, in native freedom, goes straight to the heart. Thus it is as Siegmund sings of Love and Spring; as the slumber music vibrates around the prostrate form of Brünnhilde; as young Siegfried rolls out exulting strains at the forge, or sits listening to forest noises, and, in the end, the most solemn of marches bewails a hero's death—who then thinks of a system, and bends his faculties to the distinguishing of meanings? We are possessed by music which shakes itself free from forced alliances, and rejects all meanings save those conveyed in its own natural language—to be felt rather than perceived. Thus Wagner himself confutes Wagner. Why an elaborate artificial vocabulary when, at the most important moments, its application is unperceived, and the ear drinks in sound regardless of sense? Why, too, a waste of power in vain attempts to bend to unnatural purposes a spirit more subtle than Loge himself? The "inarticulate, unfathomable speech" of which Carlyle speaks laughs to scorn all attempts to tabulate its utterances and make them do duty as logarithms.

Turning from Wagner's system in the abstract it can hardly be denied that the *Nibelung's Ring* is, in certain respects, an unfortunate illustration. Its story can only be regarded, amongst ourselves, as a serious drawback. We do not, of course, pretend to speak of Teutonic taste as against the opinion of Wagner, who knows his own countrymen well; and inasmuch as the *Nibelung's Ring* was avowedly written for them, and them alone, we have no right to question the poet-composer's choice. Our worthy kinsfolk may not only reverence their national myth, but discern a soul-moving emanation from the personalities of gods, giants, dwarfs, singing dragons, talking birds, and other "properties" dear to the Brothers Grimm. Experience has just shown that these enchantments are nevertheless lost on the British mind, which instinctively refers them to Christmas and its time-honoured entertainment. To say that the British mind was puzzled by the nature of the drama is only to speak the truth. A pantomime head without a tail smacks of monstrosity; besides, where was the poetic justice which should have turned Wotan into Pantaloon and handed him over to the tender mercies of Clown Alberich. For this a magic lantern conflagration afforded a poor substitute, and applied a feeble salve to the irritated feelings of a much-enduring audience. It would be absurd to claim for our opera-going public an extreme sensibility. They are accustomed to sup upon horrors, and sit down to the feast with highly objectionable personages. But these are felt to be serious, whereas in the *Nibelung's Ring* we have an uncomfortable notion that there is a joke somewhere about among the horrors waiting to spring upon us. As to the morality of the characters and their actions we need not again be precise. Wagner's zealous apologists, who unreservedly apply to him a well-known axiom of the British Constitution, have endeavoured to "whitewash" both the master and his creations. We do not blame them, inclining rather to admire, if unable to imitate, the ingenuousness that "thinketh no evil," even when evil stands before them unclothed. Unhappily for their argument, it is confuted out of the story itself. The moral laws which these creatures of the early world—these cosmic children—are said to have known nothing about, actually had guardians in high places. What, for example, does Fricka represent when she storms down upon her wretched husband and forces that contemptible deity to avenge a crime against marital honour? Why, even the reprobate himself acknowledges, in appearance at least, the virtue of

an agreement, and only seeks to break it by means of an agent, who does not know what he is doing. Assuming all that has been advanced on the other side, nothing excuses Wagner for filling his theatre with such a foul atmosphere. Vice never has a right upon the stage except when it works for virtue, and gratuitous crime there is always gratuitous offence.

For another reason we must look upon the *Nibelung's Ring* as an unfortunate embodiment of Wagner's system. That reason is found in the excessive hardihood with which it carries out the idea that the drama should make no concession to music, and that, even when allied to the sister art, it should be as realistic as possible. Never was there such an illustration as the danger attendant upon riding a hobby. Those terribly long dialogues, with hardly a melodic phrase to enlist on the side of music the finest of instruments, and that absence of concerted passages—because, forsooth, people do not usually all speak at once in actual life—are examples of artistic fanaticism which, in passionate revolt against error, blinds itself to truth. We do not deny that Wagner has done more than any man to purge the operatic stage of stupid conventionalities, which, by making it ridiculous, degraded it. Therein lies a credit peculiarly his own, but he has himself, in avoiding Scylla, steered upon Charybdis. The lyric stage is, in its very nature, conventional, and we should be prepared to argue, if the time were opportune, that it exists, not for drama, which has a stage of its own, but for music as applied to drama. Wagner, we all know, advances an opposite opinion, and, sternly carrying it out in the *Nibelung's Ring*, banishes music from his boards, as far as that may be done, and confines it to the orchestra. He has since found reason to modify his practice in this respect, and restore to the stage some portion at least of its abstracted charm. But we have not here to do with his penitential processes, though the return of so magnificent a sinner might well make all the harps in the heaven of art send forth the sounds of joy. It concerns us chiefly that the *Nibelung's Ring* carries the realistic idea to an extreme, and results in a thing which is neither opera nor drama, but a mixture of both, wherein each ingredient does its best to spoil the other.

Having regard to the considerations touched upon above, we affect no regret at the artistic failure of the trilogy in London. The result was hoped for, and is now rejoiced over, not out of passion or prejudice, nor because of any sectarian feeling, but from an honest conviction that its principles are the reverse of those which make for the good of the lyric stage. At the same time, it would be ungracious in the extreme not to acknowledge the enterprise that brought the *Nibelungen* to our shores and the ability of the artists who represented it. Herr Neumann has established a claim upon our goodwill such as may yet do him service, while the talents of Mdme Vogl, Mdme Reicher-Kindermann, Herr Niemann, Herr Vogl, Herr Schlosser, and their fellow-workers are likely to be remembered for many a day. They have set before us a great work and, though some of us do battle fairly and squarely with its principles, we shall not lose sight of the obligation which an opportunity for supporting truth and fighting error has imposed.—D. T.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.—In the belief that the name of Balfe, as that of the first British composer to elevate the English lyric drama to a high position, and to compete with the musicians of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, deserves to be nationally recorded, a memorial was recently addressed to the Dean of Westminster, by professors of Music in the Universities, eminent conductors, heads of musical educational establishments, and most of the cathedral organists in the United Kingdom, expressing an earnest desire that a tablet may be placed in Westminster Abbey, "To the memory of a musician, whose genius and achievements won for him, during his lifetime, a high reputation, not only among his countrymen, but also upon the Continent of Europe." This memorial has been most readily complied with; and the tablet which is intended to remind future generations of their debt to a man of fruitful genius will soon, it may be hoped, take its place among similar monuments, where its presence will honour alike the departed musician and those surviving members of his profession who, having been his contemporaries, unite in paying their tributes of admiration to his memory.—*Daily Telegraph*.

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY AT MANCHESTER.

We have so often been assured of the speedy doom of old-fashioned opera that we ought, perhaps, to hesitate about affirming that it possesses an extraordinary amount of vitality. Yet if opera as understood by Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Balfe, and Verdi is destined to die, it will die hard. We hear of Wagnerian four-night festivals at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Wagnerian cycles at Drury Lane; but at Covent Garden *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Dinorah*, and *La Favorita*, &c., are heard with unmistakable delight, and Mr Carl Rosa, himself an ardent admirer of Wagner, still finds his account in performances of works in which the conventional "air" and old time-honoured forms of concerted music are not replaced by declamation and "motives." *The Bohemian Girl* is still, we understand, the most popular of all operas with provincial audiences, and we do not believe there is any less willingness on the part of local audiences to enjoy opera in English when given under conditions such as those to which this company has long accustomed us. Mr Rosa was well advised to begin his season of six nights with an opera which, though in some respects one of the most interesting he ever produced, has not been heard often enough to make us grow weary of it. The libretto follows Shakspeare so closely that it is almost unrivalled as an opera comedy, and the music throughout is so sparkling and witty, so fresh and melodious, that the fun of the play is sometimes almost intensified by the musical treatment. This, moreover, is thoroughly scholarly, and *The Merry Wives* almost takes rank as a classic, so that the amateur by whom even Donizetti would be disdained* listens to Nicolai's charming work with the same sort of pleasure he derives from *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Les Deux Journées*. In every act, indeed, the score displays the hand of a master, and we venture to predict that it will be heard with delight long after many which now enjoy a greater popularity shall have been consigned to merited neglect.

We have several times noticed the performance of this opera when the cast differed little from that of last night, and it is satisfactory to have again to remark the general attention to effect in every department. Pretty and characteristic scenery, beautiful costumes, and effective grouping added much to the enjoyment of the performance, and the leading parts had been confided to competent singers, all familiar with the music. Though here and there certain shortcomings might be noticeable, the general effect was satisfactory—certainly far beyond what we were accustomed to hear before the days of Mr Carl Rosa.

As Mrs Ford and Mrs Page these clever artists, Miss Gaylord and Miss Yorke, have characters admirably adapted to display both their musical skill and histrionic ability, and their singing and acting were not less enjoyed than heretofore. Miss Perry always sings with earnestness, and she was well supported by Mr J. W. Turner, whose delivery of Fenton's serenade was deservedly applauded. Mr Ludwig's Mr Ford is a performance of great merit, and by his fine singing and careful acting this gentleman more than maintained his well-deserved renown. Mr Pope as Master Page was painstaking, and avoided extravagance; and it is altogether needless to say that Master Slender, in the hands of Mr Lyall, was a remarkable example of clever grotesque acting; one, indeed, much too rare on the English stage. Mr Snazelle played the fat knight, if we mistake not, for the first time in Manchester. If his Falstaff cannot be called Shaksperian, it was often amusing, and a perfect singing Sir John is not to be met with every day. If Mr Brooklyn would take a lesson in restraint from Mr Snazelle, the effect of the tavern scene would be improved, for the incongruous introduction of a tobacco pipe in a play of Plantagenet times was a departure from the spirit of Elizabethan comedy. The opera was conducted by Mr Pew with his accustomed care.—*Examiner and Times*.

MISS FLORENCE WAUD.—The problem of elevating the working classes by means of pianoforte music is in a fair way of being solved by Miss Florence Waud, for, at the concert given last week by this clever and constantly improving young artist at the Victoria Music Hall, the audience, largely composed of labouring men and women, was roused by her performance to a high state of enthusiasm. The pieces presented were by no means of an ultra-popular kind. But Chopin's Polonaise in C (the violin part by Mr Pollitzer) was sufficiently appreciated to be re-demanded; and Miss Waud was also called upon to repeat Liszt's fantasia on airs from *Le Prophète*, for which, however, she substituted Scharwenka's series of "Polish Dances." The fair concert-giver was supported by vocalists innumerable.—*Whitehall Review*.

* Sorry for that amateur.—Dr Bingle.

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

The production of *Tannhäuser*, equally with the performance of *Lohengrin*, and more than that of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, honourably distinguished the German season. After three nights' experience of these representations, and while fully recognizing certain defects, an idea is forming in the public mind that we are seeing Wagner's early operas for the first time—for the first time, that is to say, as regards their spirit, if not their letter, and with reference to the dramatic conditions they exact. As we remarked in a previous notice, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and their fellows, when put on a foreign stage, are often presented more in accord with the traditions of that stage than with those of the one from which they have been transplanted. At Covent Garden, for example, they become quasi-Italian works, the artists naturally treating them much as they would an opera to the Italian manner born. How different that is from the German method appears in the apparent forgetfulness of the actors that they are playing to an audience at all; in the uniformly strict attention paid by the least important person on the stage to the progress of the work, and in the stately repose, or slow, majestic motion, recalling what history tells us as to the characteristics of Greek drama. With the style of representation now exemplified at Drury Lane, the protracted scenes in which Wagner indulges seem quite to accord; as emphatically they do not with the more buoyant life and vivacious action of Italian opera. This leads us to point out that whoever desires a genuine acquaintance with Wagner's early works should permit the Germans to act as introducers. In such a case there can be no mistake, and in the mind of the auditor each drama will stand or fall fairly upon its merits. The cast of *Tannhäuser* is a strong one, for proof of which we need hardly do more than refer to the fact that Frau Sucher plays Elizabeth, and that Herr Winkelmann devotes to the unhappy victim of sensual passion the talents which distinguished his Lohengrin. Frau Sucher's success was, if anything, greater as Elizabeth than as Elsa. This might have been expected, given a comparison of the two characters and a knowledge of the lady's powers. Despite the charm that surrounds Elsa she is a weak personage, who takes the earliest possible opportunity of doing that which she had expressly engaged not to do. Elizabeth, on the contrary, is all strength and devotion—"faithful unto death." The character is as grand as it is pure, and adapted to excite a true artist to the high effort which can only arise from unalloyed sympathy with the theme. That it brought forth all the enthusiasm of a gifted woman, and displayed her full powers, is beyond question. The acting of Frau Sucher was again worthy of study. Never fussy and demonstrative, and never tame, it charmed by that truth to nature which seems more true for the touch of art that graces it. We are at a loss for special illustrations of the fact, seeing that the embodiment was uniformly good. But mention may be made of the scene with which the second act closes, and that wherein the well-known prayer is offered. In the one, strength of feeling which never lost dignity and grace, and, in the other, pathos which went straight to the heart, helped to rank this effort among the greatest of its kind. Frau Sucher sang as well as she acted. Her delivery of the prayer—to mention only one thing in proof—was as pure an example of refined vocalization as could be desired. We must speak in equal terms of Herr Winkelmann's *Tannhäuser*—an impersonation that struck a grand note at the outset and sustained it to the end. The part was powerfully acted, Herr Winkelmann's dramatic talent easily meeting the accumulated demands upon it. He was most forcible, perhaps, in the last scene, and certainly none the less so because he refrained from rant and exaggeration. A more striking piece of acting and declamation than the long solo in the interview with Wolfram rarely calls for applause; while the lyrical portions of *Tannhäuser*'s music were given in a style suggestive rather of Italian than of German vocal art. Herr Koegel was, perhaps, hardly at his best as the Landgraf, but Herr Gura (Wolfram) improved upon his "form" as the Dutchman, and would have done so still more had he not dragged the "Star" song till it became wearisome. Fraulein Wiedermann (Venus), Herr Landau (Walther), Herr Wolff (Heinrich), and Herr Ehrke (Bitterolf) did useful work in their respective parts, while the chorus and stage management gave no reason for complaint. Herr Richter's orchestra was a treat to hear. The delicacy of its accompaniment could not have been

surpassed any more than could the admirable balance of tone and the just expression with which, from time to time, the solo passages were executed.—D. T.

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In Beethoven's *Fidelio* the German company enjoyed another opportunity of enforcing their claims upon our music-loving public, of which they availed themselves by giving a highly dramatic performance of a genuine masterpiece. The forces at command were again ample for carrying out that unity of purpose which has hitherto marked these representations. The band, under Herr Richter, unmistakably asserted its importance. Besides heightening the pleasure of the audience, when interest was centred upon the stage, by accompaniments that never failed in exact measure and quality, the orchestra gave the utmost gratification in the overtures No. 4 (*Fidelio*) and No. 3 (*Leonora*). At the present moment the *Leonora* is perhaps the most popular of all overtures with amateurs. Listening to every phrase, the audience seemed to be waiting for the stirring fiddle passage towards the end, which, like the final gallop of a race, never fails to cause the greatest excitement. The applause was uproarious, but Herr Richter wisely resisted the demand for an encore. One hardly acceptable feature in the band is the peculiar prominence of the "tympani." The effect, usually heard when Beethoven murmurs or thunders on the drums, was not found. It is a small matter, perhaps; but is not the observance of details the avowedly strong point of this company? Considerable interest was felt in the first appearance of Fraulein Malten (*Leonora*), whose fame had preceded her; and that interest was increased when the lady, imposing of stature and of handsome presence, was seen in the dress of her part. Seldom, if ever, has an artist looked more becoming in the garb assumed by *Leonora*, and the sight called up the thought that, if the *débutante* could act and sing as well as she looked, an impersonation of special excellence would be secured. Conviction quickly followed that Fraulein Malten is an actress of experience and exceptional powers; at the same time, it must be said that reports of the lady's vocal talent were more tardily justified. At first the voice sounded uncertain and veiled; but in the trio with Rocco and Marcelline its strength and richness were at once proclaimed. Later on, in the recitative and *aria*, Fraulein Malten had the fullest opportunity of displaying her vocal qualities. The recitative was delivered with great force and intensity of expression, the voice proving equal to every demand; in the *aria*, however, signs of fatigue were manifested. Fraulein Malten has not escaped the tendency of modern German singing to injure the voice, and mar the art of vocalization. But it would be wrong to judge her simply as a vocalist, for she is a genuine dramatic artist, and unquestionably one of high rank. Her conception of the character of the devoted wife is full and harmonious throughout. In its tenderness, pity, and love are blended with guileless intrigue and daring courage. Such qualities enabled her to gain, throughout the evening, frequent proofs of high appreciation. The important part of Rocco was but feebly played and sung by Herr P. Ehrke. In past years bass singers of remarkable powers lifted the "Jailer" into a very prominent place. Herr Ehrke is unfortunate when judged by those who recollect Carl Formes in his prime. On the other hand, the part of Florestan has seldom been more satisfactorily filled than by Herr J. Wolff. In the *aria* which opens the second act he was admirable in voice and feeling, while his impassioned accents, when in vision he beholds *Leonora*, created a thrilling effect. Pizarro was ably represented by Dr. Kraus, whose strident tones upheld the voice part against the full strength of the band. But perhaps his success in the "Revenge" *aria* was in a great measure due to the skill of Herr Richter, who, without losing vigour, gave the singer an opportunity of being heard distinctly from beginning to end. Marcelline was unobtrusively played by Fraulein Wiedermann, the part of her lover, Jacquin, devolving upon Herr L. Landau. The members of the choir again showed that they not only could sing effectively, but also act with intelligence. In the famous chorus of prisoners they gave proof of uncommon merit.—P. G.

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On Tuesday night, Richard Wagner's eighth opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, was produced with brilliant success under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, and in presence of a large

audience, among whom were their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. There is much to say of the work and its performance, but for the present we can only refer to the one as a charming example of its composer's lighter mood and happier genius, and to the other as about the most perfect thing of its kind ever presented on an English stage. *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* should make the fortune of the enterprise with which it is now associated, and the chances are, judging by the universal applause of Tuesday night, that we shall have to chronicle some such result. Each act was received with enthusiasm, the curtain being raised again and again. To the meaning of the demonstrations indulged in by the audience we cheerfully subscribe. *Die Meistersinger* is beautiful, and, putting the work side by side with *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, we cannot fail to see that it both vindicates and avenges art.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

At the Grand Opera, M. Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini* still figures in the bills, and, to avoid as long as possible any change in the cast, M. Vaucorbeil has secured M. Lassalle (Malatesta) till the middle of this month, buying that artist's holiday up to then. Maurel returned some time since, and chose *Hamlet* for his re-appearance. The chief novelty for the winter will be *Henri VIII.*, book by MM. Léonce Detroyat and Armand Silvestre, music by M. Camille Saint-Saëns. The official reading took place the week before last. The following is the cast: Catherine of Arragon, Mdle Krauss; Anne Boleyn, Mdle Richard; Henry VIII, Lassalle; Gomez de Fera, Sellier; the Pope's Legate, Boudouresque; and the Duke of Norfolk, Lorrain. Besides *Henri VIII.*, a two-act work, by M. E. Pessard, and a new ballet, book by the authors of *Yedda*, for Mdle Mauri, will be put in rehearsal forthwith.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Galante Aventure* has been withdrawn after anything but a long run and its place taken by *Le Nozze di Figaro*, or *Les Noces de Figaro*, as it is here styled. The subjoined interesting information relative to the fortunes of this marvellous work in France is taken from *Le Ménestrel*:

"But let us go back to the arrival in France of the first of the three universally consecrated masterpieces written by the divine Mozart, so justly surnamed the Raphael of Music; it took place on the 20th March, 1793, on the stage of our Grand Opera, seven years after the first performance at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna (1st May, 1786). In the work as translated by Notaris, the dialogue of Beaumarchais alternated with Mozart's music. The French version was divided into five acts and bore in the bills the same title as the original comedy: *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The copious prose of Beaumarchais added to Mozart's voluminous score rendered the work of immoderate length. Moreover, the artists of the Opera, little familiar with the art of delivering spoken-dialogue, cut a rather bad figure in the characters entrusted to them, and which the public were accustomed to see played by actors of talent. Lays, too, on whom devolved the task of representing Figaro, did not possess any of the qualities requisite for portraying the physiognomy of the lively barber. He was heavy and dull, the memoirs of the time tell us. Adrien sang the Count; Mdme Ponteuil, the Countess; and Mdle Gavaudan, Suzanne. When we add that French ears were still half closed to delicate music, the reader will not be astonished that the work achieved no success. *Le Mariage de Figaro*, as served up by Notaris, ran only five nights, and fell before the insufficiency of the receipts. The first performance produced, it is true, 5,035 francs, a tolerably respectable sum for that epoch, but, at the fifth, the takings amounted to only the ridiculous total of 448 francs! On the 14th November, 1807, *Le Mariage de Figaro* was performed at the Opéra-Comique by order of the Minister of the Palace, so at least we are informed, without further details, by the catalogue of the Musical Library of the Opera. Was this performance the only one or was it followed by others? We cannot say. But the real first performance in France of Mozart's masterpiece dates only from the year 1858, when M. Carvalho gave it with a new translation, by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, at the Théâtre-Lyrique. Its success, as we know, was considerable. Subsequently, in 1872, the artist-manager transported the famous score to the Opéra-Comique."

The cast at the Théâtre-Lyrique was as follows: the Countess, Mad. Vandenheuvel-Duprez; Suzanne, Mad. Ugalde; and Cherubin, Mad. Carvalho; a vocal trio not to be surpassed or even equalled at that epoch. At present, Mad. Carvalho enacts

the Countess: Mdle Vanzandt, Cherubin; and Mdle Isaac, Suzanne. Mdle Ducasse appears as Marceline, and Mdle Molé as Fanchette. Eugère plays Figaro, and Taskin is Count Almaviva. The revival has been extremely successful artistically and pecuniarily, the receipts often exceeding 9000 francs. Méhul's *Joseph*, which has been in preparation for some time past and has not been given since 1866, was to have been produced last Friday, the 26th ult., but, owing to the indisposition of M. Danbé, the conductor, the event has been postponed till Friday the 2nd inst. *Joseph* will be played by Talazac and Benjamin by Mad. Bilbaut-Vauchelet. There was some talk of having the renowned chorus, "Dieu d'Israël," sung by the pupils of the Conservatory, but that intention has been abandoned. An opera which will be put in rehearsal very soon, although not to be brought out before the Autumn, is *Lakmé*, book by MM. Gouninet and Gille, music by Léo Delibes. There is, also, a prospect of Victor Massé's *Cléopâtre*, of a *Manon Lescaut* by Massenet, and of a revival of G. Bizet's *Carmen*, with Mdle Mauduit, formerly of the Grand Opera, as the heroine.

MM. Hartmann and Vianesi have signed an agreement with M. Ballande to rent the Théâtre des Nations of him for a short season. It is their intention to get up three operas—Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Massenet's *Hérodiade*, and Boito's *Mefistofele*. Some persons assert that M. Ballande's temporary sub-lessees have an ulterior object in view: that, namely, of making their present enterprise simply a stepping-stone to the foundation of the much-desired Théâtre-Lyrique, with an annual grant from the Government of 200,000 francs, and from the Municipality of 300,000. If so, they have a rival in M. Paul Ferry. That gentleman, however, who is stated to have the command of well-nigh unlimited capital, would re-establish the Lyrique on the site of the old Grand Café Parisien, in the Place de la République, and his scheme has been for some time past under consideration in the proper quarters. He was formerly a dramatic agent, then the director of a paper called *La Comédie*, and afterwards manager of the Grand Théâtre, Havre, but his management lasted only a few weeks.

A most interesting event lately was the sale at the Hôtel Drouot of M. Savoye's collection of 214 musical instruments, dating from the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. Among them may be mentioned the small piano given by Gluck to J. J. Rousseau, and afterwards the property successively of Grétry and Nicolo Isouard; Marie Louise's piano, also, figured in the list.

A new society, the Union of Young French Composers, has just been founded with the object of giving every year a certain number of fortnightly concerts for the performance of unpublished works by the active, or composing members, who are limited to twenty, and already include Mdle Augusta Holmès, MM. André Wormser, Octave Fouque, and other less known aspirants for artistic fame. There is a committee appointed to superintend the performance of the works sent in, but without power to pass judgment or reject them. To enable the Society to carry out their scheme, an appeal is made to the lovers of music to become honorary members, paying five-and-twenty francs annually, and receiving in return so many tickets for each concert.—Q.

YESTERDAY afternoon the Duke of Edinburgh was to visit Maidstone, and address a public meeting in the Corn Exchange on behalf of the Royal College of Music, with the object of raising a fund in order to establish a scholarship for Kent.

At the monthly meeting of the Musical Association, to be held at 27, Harley Street on Monday afternoon next, Dr H. Hiles, of Manchester, will read a paper entitled "From Rhythmic Pulsation to Classical Outline." After this has been discussed, an apparatus, invented by Herr J. Föhr, of Stuttgart, for writing down by electricity any music played on a pianoforte, will be exhibited, and Mr T. L. Southgate will explain the working of the instrument.

HERR ANGELO NEUMANN has leased Her Majesty's Theatre for October next, when he intends to bring over a first-rate troupe of German operatic artists and ballet to produce the latest and most successful German operas in London. A few of Wagner's operas will also be placed on the stage, but the greatest attraction for the public will undoubtedly be the new and fashionable operas.—*Morning Post*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The popularity of Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, when Mme Adeline Patti appears as one of the ill-fated lovers, was made evident last Friday by the very large audience that visited the theatre. The character of Giulietta presents irresistible attractions to a lady so admirably adapted by nature and art for meeting its requirements. Fragile in form, youthful in appearance, and with personal characteristics distinguishing the Southern race, Mme Patti is able to present the Veronese maiden in a way that few rival. Moreover, the music of the French composer supplies many and varied opportunities for the display of her vocal skill. In the air, "Nella calma," the singer, on Friday evening, absolutely revelled in graces of vocalization, and, unfatigued by the arduous exercise, repeated the song at the desire of her gratified audience. Her lyrical powers were never found wanting. In the balcony scene, when, unwittingly, Giulietta betrays her affection, the simple tones were those indicative of girlhood, and the impassioned accents the natural outburst of suddenly-awakened love. In the marriage scene the strains uttered were idyllic in their peacefulness, and her farewell to the banished Romeo, now wild with grief, now calm with resignation, was not wanting in any aid that art could bring. Neither in the interviews with Friar Laurence did Mme Patti fail to show dramatic powers, while in the final scene qualities of a really tragic order were called into requisition. Signor Nicolini (Romeo) performed his part in the style well known to *habitués* of the Italian opera. If his voice proved still too rebellious for the restraints necessary to express tender feeling, it promptly responded to the call of robust passion. M. Dufriehe (Capuletto), who made his *debut* on this occasion, enacted his part with dignity. His naturally good voice is not free from the injurious *vibrato* of the French school; nevertheless, he sang like a practised artist. In the air, "Su baldi garzon," he secured the approbation of the audience. It is pleasant to record that Mdle Guercia (Stefano), recovered from the stage fright that marred her efforts a few nights back in Siebel, gave on Friday a pleasant and effective reading of the Page's music. Mme Corsi impersonated the Nurse. Signors Cotogni (Mercuzio), De Reszke (Frate Lorenzo), Sabater (Tebaldo), and Raguer (Il Conte Paris) were all efficient. Signor Bevigiani conducted with the ease of an accomplished master, accompanying the voices with judgment and bringing out the characteristics of Gounod's orchestration with tact and effect.

On Saturday the opera was *Carmen*, then played for the first time at Covent Garden; that establishment being still satisfied, as in the days when *Faust* was a novelty, to follow the track of Mr Mapleson and pick up his successes. A large and fashionable audience was assembled, but it was not exclusively, or even chiefly, on account of Bizet's opera that "society" gathered in strength. *Carmen* is, no doubt, an admired work, and an execrable representative of that which Richard Wagner, speaking at the Bayreuth supper in 1870, graciously acknowledged to be an art suited to French taste. But Saturday's audience were drawn together by a form of attraction than which nothing has more power over the frequenters of Italian opera. The "sweet compulsion" was that of a *prima donna*; more, it was that of a *prima donna* not seen on our stage for ten years; more still, it was that of Pauline Lucca, once the spoilt child of Covent Garden, whose very faults were admired for the charming *insouciance* with which they were committed. Our public never cherished ill-feeling against their old favourite for her desertion of them ten years ago. They missed a saucy Cherubino, a picturesque and impulsive Selika, and the most tempting Zerlina that ever made Fra Diavolo's brigands open wide their eyes. But it was quite in Mme Lucca's line to carry her artistic waywardness over into actual life, and the chances were that she would return as suddenly as she disappeared. Meanwhile nobody forgot her, and on Saturday night she came to find the impress left in 1872 still existing, comparatively unaffected by lapse of time and the rise of newer favourites. That Mme Lucca was greeted with prolonged applause will be taken as a matter of course. An English audience never forgets and never ceases to be generous. There are those who say that it is not critical, and imply a want of power to judge. It is rather soft-hearted whenever a good intent can be described, and, no less, whenever there come up from the past recollections of service done and pleasure conferred. Who does not prefer this magnanimity to the savage hardness which in some other countries is cherished as a proof of artistic discernment? Mme Lucca was expected to make a "hit" as the Spanish gipsy, and that not merely on the strength of what she had done in the rôle elsewhere. No one acquainted with her special qualifications for dealing with character parts could doubt that she would find in *Carmen* a success ready to hand. The gipsy might have been taken from Merrimée's novel and placed on the stage expressly for her, whose artistic individuality it fits "like a glove." In working out her conception of the part

Mme Lucca does not shrink from realism for the purpose of making things pleasant. She might represent *Carmen* as simply a nature animated and guided by instinct; now attracted in this direction and now in that, as a butterfly amid flowers, all the time careless of inflicting pain. We have such a *Carmen* on our stage—rough, hoydenish, using the power of beauty with enjoyment of the wounds inflicted, yet not wilfully bad, nor altogether heartless. This, however, is not the *Carmen* of Mme Lucca, who, taking the broadest view of Merrimée's conception, makes her a very tigress, with cruel claws ready to dart forth and rend and tear on the smallest provocation. The Russian, according to Napoleon, must be scratched before the Tartar can be discovered; but the slightest brush the wrong way turns our fascinating gipsy into a fiend. Madame Lucca takes care that this shall be seen, almost as soon as she comes upon the stage, in the furtive vindictive glance, and in the hard set expression that falls like a cloud of night upon the whilom smiling face. We, therefore, are not at all surprised to hear that *Carmen* has stabbed one of her fellow-workers. Such an act seems as natural as, when Don José afterwards pesters her with his love, is the wandering of the hand to the knife stuck in her girdle. The same couching fierceness runs through the entire course of the character, and more than the sensuousness which passes with *Carmen* for love, puts upon it a distinguishing stamp. Mme Lucca worked out her idea with consummate skill and abiding strength. No detail was wanting, nor did the outline ever lose its clearness. Even when *Carmen* set herself to allure the young soldier from honour and duty the lurking devil could be seen through the thin disguise she wore; and how, when Don José wavered, that disguise vanished as if by magic, while out burst a torrent of passion, chafing itself hotter by a sense of its impotence. If at any time better than another Mme Lucca was so in the final scene, where the gipsy at last stands face to face with the spirit of revenge she has challenged. Her bye-play while Don José poured forth his complaints and entreaties was a study, and showed, better than words could do, the varying emotions felt. Now rage distorted the gipsy's handsome face, succeeded by an expression of unutterable boredom at having to witness agony to her incomprehensible. Then came scorn, defiance, pride, as the plaudits of the bull-ring bespoke the triumph of Escamillo; and, lastly, despair on seeing that the time of reckoning had come. The lyric stage has not often witnessed anything more elaborate and, at the same time, more powerful than this; but, indeed, the entire impersonation was a dramatic success which ought to and will rank among the events of the season. When we say that Mme Lucca has come back to us with her voice and vocal powers but little, if at all, changed, it will be at once understood how she rendered the music of her part. Nothing of emphasis and significance was wanting, but the lady's triumph was mainly that of the actress, and as such her audience recognized it. Referring to the performance as a whole, we cannot for a moment compare it favourably with that given at Her Majesty's Theatre under Sir Michael Costa, although the pure and graceful part of Miçela was taken by the same artist (Mme Valleria), who then played it so charmingly as to win universal admiration. M. Bouhy, said to be the "creator" of Escamillo, looked well, but failed to give the character any special importance either as actor or singer, even the Torreador Song passing without a demand for repetition. As Don José, M. Lestellier showed himself in the light of a respectable, if not an uncommon artist, and made a more favourable impression than at any previous time. His acting in the final scene was not without power, but he had to contend against recollections which may have indisposed the audience fully to acknowledge his just deserts. Mdle Velmi, (Mercedes) and Mdle Lonati (Pasquita) were quite indifferent, while it is not possible to speak with more than ordinary commendation of Signor Silvestri (Zuniga), M. Dauphin (Dancairo), and Signor Guerini, whose make-up as Il Remendado seemed to have been borrowed from the stage of opéra-bouffe. The chorists did their work well, as usual, but M. Dupont may be advised to practise his orchestra further in the delicate and piquant treatment demanded by Bizet's characteristic music. He should also correct some of his *tempi*, and in particular avoid spoiling the opening, the quintet, and one or two other movements, by taking them at undue speed.—D. T.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne) left England for Canada on Thursday, the 25th May. Her Royal Highness's departure will be much regretted by many musicians and painters, in both of which arts the Princess feels so deeply interested. Her Royal Highness was accompanied to the station by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, &c. Among those who received telegrams to meet the Princess at the Euston Station to bid her farewell were the Misses Montalba and Professor Goldberg.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S Chamber Music Concerts, GROSVENOR GALLERY.

FIFTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 7,
At Half-past Eight o'clock.

Programme.

TRIO, in B major, Op. 8	Brahms.
SONATA, Pianoforte, in A flat, Op. 110	Beethoven.
SOLO, Violin, Adagio from 9th Concerto	Spohr.
TRIO, in G minor, Op. 110	Schumann.

Executants—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, MM. Franz Néruda
and Charles Hallé.

Tickets, 7s. 6d. and 5s., of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at the
Grosvenor Gallery Ticket Office.

BIRTHS.

On April 28, in Paris, Madam CHARLES LANGLOIS (*née* Gabrielle Lauvergnot), of a son.

On May 25, at Elmswood, Tooting Bec Road, Streatham, S.W., the wife of HENRY BRINLEY RICHARDS, Esq., Junr., of a son.

DEATH.

On May 27, at Northumberland House, Fulham, MARY CLEMEN-
TINA SULLIVAN, widow of Thomas Sullivan, and mother of Arthur
S. Sullivan, Esq., aged 71.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANACONDA DRAGONETTI.—The musician who on the occasion of
Anton Rubinstein's *Ocean* symphony being performed at the Leipsic
Gewandhaus Concerts, said that "the first movement wanted
but a whale to make it perfect," was Spohr's intimate friend, the
celebrated contrapuntist, Hauptmann, who also declared that the
overture to *Tannhäuser* could only have been written by a maniac.
Poor Hauptmann!

ERRATUM.—In the paragraph last week which states that Signor
and M^{me} Verdi have returned from Paris to Brussels, for
"Brussels" read Busseto, where Verdi has an estate upon which he
usually resides during the summer months.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little
Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than
Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882.

PAULINE LUCCA.

*La sorte amica i nostri voti intese
E al nostro affetto te pur anco rese
Per ammaliarci con divino incanto.
O che alla gioia tu atteggi, o al pianto.
Mancava al nostro ciel un' altra stella,
Ma scorta alfin l'abbiam! e tu sei quella!*

PARSIFALIANA.

II.

The first two questions which present themselves on taking up
the poem or the pianoforte score of *Parsifal*, are: (1) Why has
Wagner entitled his work "Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel?" and (2)
why does he call his hero "Parsifal" rather than "Parzival," as
von Eschenbach has done? The second is easier to answer than
the first; but, premising that my aim is quite as much to elicit as
to impart information, I will try to answer both.

I. The literal English equivalent of "Ein Bühnenweihfestspiel,"
I take it, would be "A Sacred Festival Stage Play," or, as we
should say more simply, "A Sacred Musical Drama." Regarded

in this light, its analogy to the Mysteries and Miracle Plays of
medieval times, as well as to the Ammergau Passion Play of a
more recent date, is at once apparent. By many the Ammergau
Passion Play has been regarded as an offence, but by far the
greater majority, who attended it in a proper and religious frame
of mind, it has been pronounced to be in the highest degree an
elevating spectacle. Thus it doubtless will be with *Parsifal*. The
unthinking and irreligious will regard it simply as a musical
dramatic spectacle. Religious people will find in it much which
at first cannot but seem repulsive, but the objection to which will
easily wear off, always provided that they approach it in a proper
spirit, and in the same frame of mind as they would the Am-
mergau Passion Play. Attending the one as well as the other
should be regarded as a sort of pilgrimage or religious function.
For, according to Wagner, the dramatic stage is to become the
great religious teacher and moralizer of the future, just as it was
in the days of ancient Greece.

II. The second question—Why does Wagner call his hero
"Parsifal" rather than "Parzival?"—is something more than
an etymological one. In each of the various versions of the story
of the life and adventures of the same knight his name is some-
what differently spelt; for this varied etymology there is good
reason. In the prose romance (*Roman de Perceval*) by Chretien
de Troyes, written before 1200 and rendered into verse by
Menessier, he is called "Perceval." Here the word is derived
from *Per*=a dish or basin, and *Keval* (*cyfall*)=seeker; i.e., Seeker
of the Grail. It is therefore synonymous with "Peredur"—*Per*
and *Gedur* (seeker), the *g* being dropped when compounded with
another word—the name by which the same knight is known in
the *Mabinogion* of Wales, translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. In
von Eschenbach's poem the word bears quite another signifi-
cation; viz.; that of "Right through" (*inmitten durch*), as appears
therein from Sigune's address to the hero:—

"Fürwahr, der heissest Parzival!

Der Name sagt: Inmitten durch."

This is analogous to "Perceforest," the hero of a prose romance
in Greek, which was turned into Latin, and thence into French,
under the title of *La très Elegante Leliceuse Melifleur et Très
Plaisante Histoire du Très Noble Roy Perceforest* (printed at Paris
in 1528), who was so-called because he dared to pierce, almost
alone, an enchanted forest, where women and children were most
evilly entreated.

The earliest writer about the "Holy Grail" appears to have
been one Flegetanis, an astrologer, whose manuscript, written in
Arabic, was discovered in Toledo by Kiot (Guiot), and furnished
the groundwork of subsequent accounts. Though no mention of
Parzival, Tituril, and other Knights of the Grail, who appear
in von Eschenbach's version, is made therein, it was doubtless
the existence of this Arabic manuscript which led Wagner to call
his hero "Parsifal," rather than "Parzival," or "Perceval," in
order that it might agree with the Arabic etymology. "Parsifal,"
it should be explained, is equivalent to "Fal parsi," or more
correctly, "Parseh fal"; its signification in either case being
"pure fool." Regarding the story of the "Holy Grail" as a
heathen myth Christianized (as many commentators have done),
the pertinence of the preference for "Parsifal" to "Parzival"
at once becomes apparent. Not only does it serve Wagner's
dramatic purpose better, but from a religious point of view it
gains greatly in beauty. "Parzival" or "Perceval," the
"thorough" knight, or "Seeker for the Grail," as "Parsifal"
is allegorical of a Christian giving up everything in order to be
admitted a Priest and King in the City of God, and, in accordance
with St Paul's dictum,* becoming a fool, in order to learn true
wisdom.

Sydenham, 28th May, 1882.

C. A. B.

[The French prose romance of *Perceforest* may be seen at the
British Museum (King's Library) in gigantic, double-columned,
folio volumes. More courageous than Southey, who stopped
short in the middle of *Tristan* (see his edition of *Morte Arthure*,
reprinted in black letter, after Caxton, and the notes to which
are worth perusal), I waded through it to the bitter end, and
was not rewarded for my pains—or what Southey calls
"serious expense of time."—Otto Heard.]

* 1 Cor. iii. 18. "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this
world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise."

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.* (Continued from page 322.)

In what is this entire phenomenon more clear, in what is it more perceptible than in almost anything else, than in the works of a musician of Jewish descent, endowed by nature with specifically musical gifts, as few musicians before him had been endowed! Everything which we perceived when investigating our antipathy for the Jewish element, every contradiction in that element, both as regards itself and us, all the incapacity of it, standing beyond the ground on which we stand, but wishing, notwithstanding, to hold intercourse with us on that ground, nay, even to give further development to the phenomena sprung therefrom, rise to the height of a perfectly tragic conflict in the nature, the life, and the artistic efforts of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who died so young. Mendelssohn showed us that a Jew may be most richly endowed with an abundance of specific talent, may enjoy the most liberal and most varied education, and may possess the highest and most delicately sensitive feeling of honour, without, by the aid of all these advantages, having it in his power to produce upon us, in one single instance, the profound impression, moving heart and soul, which we expect from art, because we know the latter to be capable of it, because we have, on innumerable occasions, experienced such a sensation, immediately a hero of that art merely opened his lips, so to speak, to address us. To professional critics, who may have arrived at the same convictions as ourselves on this point, we will leave the task of corroborating, from the details of Mendelssohn's artistic productions, this undoubtedly certain fact; let it now suffice to render clear our general feeling, for us to recall to mind that, on hearing anything by this composer, we felt our attention rivetted only when our fancy, desirous, more or less, of being merely entertained, was excited by the presentation, arrangement, and combination, of the most delicate, the smoothest, and the most skilful figures, as in the changing and charming forms and colours of the kaleidoscope—but never when these figures were intended to assume the shapes of the deep and vigorous sensations of the human heart.† In the latter case, even all formal power of production failed Mendelssohn, and on this account, especially when, as in oratorio, he approached the drama, he was compelled to grasp at every detail of form especially peculiar, as an individually characteristic mark, to one or other of his predecessors, whom he selected as his model in style. It is, moreover, a characteristic fact that, while pursuing this course, he should select as a model to be imitated, for his modern speech, incapable of expressing anything, no other than our old master *Bach*. Bach's musical language was formed at a period of our musical history when universal musical language was still struggling for the capability of more individual, and more certain, utterance; the exclusively formal and pedantic element still clung so closely to it, that it was first in Bach's works, thanks to the immense power of Bach's genius, that its purely human expression overcame the difficulties in its way. Bach's language holds the same relation to the language of Mozart, and, finally, to that of Beethoven, as the Egyptian Sphinx to a Grecian statue of a human being; as the Sphinx, though possessing a human face, emerges from the body of an animal, so does Bach's noble human head peer forth from beneath a peruke. An inconceivably thoughtless confusion in the luxurious musical taste of our time is to be found in the fact that we allow the language of Bach to be employed in addressing us at the very same moment as that of Beethoven, and that we delude ourselves into the idea that there was only an individually formal, but by no means a real and historical difference. The reason is, however, easily perceptible: the language of Beethoven can be spoken only by a perfect and thorough man of warm feelings, because it was the language of so perfect a musical being that, in obedience to the impulse of necessity he pointed out to us the road for the fructification of all arts by means of music as the sole successful mode of extending the latter. The language of Bach, on the other hand, can be easily repeated, though not in the sense of Bach, by a very skilful musician, because the formal element is still the preponderating element, the purely human expression not yet being so decidedly supreme that simply the *What* could or ought to be already uttered in it, since it was still engaged in the fashioning of the *How*. It is by Mendelssohn's endeavours to utter an obscure and almost negative purport in as interesting and mind-dazzling a mode as possible that the looseness and capriciousness of our musical style were carried to their highest pitch, if not actually originated. While Beethoven, the last in the series of our true musical heroes, struggled, with the highest aspirations and miracle-working power to achieve the clearest and the

most certain expression of an unspeakable purport, by sharply-defined plastic fashioning of his tone-pictures, Mendelssohn, on the other hand, in his productions, reduces these pictures, all ready to his hand, to mere undefined shadows, on beholding the undecided glimmer of the colours composing which our capricious power of imagination is arbitrarily moved, but our purely human inward yearning for clear artistic vision scarcely encouraged with even the mere hope of realization. It is only when the oppressive feeling of his incapability appears to obtain the mastery over his mind, and forces him to the expression of gentle and melancholy resignation, that Mendelssohn is able to present himself to us characteristically, that is, in the subjective sense of a delicately feeling individuality, confessing, to itself, in the presence of impossibility, its own powerlessness. This is, as we said, the tragical trait in Mendelssohn's case; and if, in the sphere of art, we wished to bestow our sympathy upon mere individuality, we could not refuse Mendelssohn a large share of it, even though its force might be weakened by the consideration that this tragical element in his position clung to him, without his having a real, painful, purifying consciousness of the fact.

But no other Jewish composer can excite such sympathy in us. A widely celebrated one of our own times has appealed with his productions to a portion of our public, in whom he had not so much to spoil all musical taste, as to take advantage of a taste already corrupted. It is now a long time since, having proceeded by degrees, the public of our operahouses left off making those demands which they were entitled to make, not merely upon a dramatic work of art, but upon any work generally, which possessed a claim to good taste. These places of entertainment are mostly filled only with that part of our middle classes, with whom the sole motive for taking up one occupation after another is weariness; the disease of weariness is not, however, to be cured by the enjoyment derived from art, for it cannot be intentionally diverted, but merely deceived with regard to itself by another kind of weariness. The means of thus deceiving it has been made by the celebrated composer in question the study of his professional life. It is useless to characterize precisely the artistic resources which he employed with such profusion to attain the said object; it is sufficient that, as we perceive by the result, he understood perfectly how to deceive, and he did so by imposing on his wearied audiences ‡ with the jargon we have already minutely described, as the piquant modern expression of all the trivialities with which, in their natural absurdity, they had so often been presented before. That he should, also, have attached importance to great mental commotions, and likewise to the effect produced by interweaving catastrophes of the feelings, is a fact that ought to astonish no one who knows how necessarily such effects are desired by persons suffering from weariness; that he succeeds in his design, ought to surprise no one who recollects the reasons why, under the circumstances, he must succeed in everything. This deceptive composer even goes so far as to deceive himself, doing so, too, as intentionally, perhaps, as he deceives his wearied audiences. We really believe that he would like to produce works of art, while, at the same time, he knows that he cannot produce them; to extricate himself from this painful conflict between will and capability, he writes operas for Paris, and then easily gets them performed in other parts of the world—now-a-days the most certain method of achieving an artistic reputation without being an artist. Under the yoke of this self-delusion, which is not, possibly, so light as might be supposed, he, also, appears to us in an almost tragical light; the purely personal element in his wounded feelings, however, renders the matter tragi-comical, just as, generally, a something which leaves us cold, and is really laughable, is the characterizing mark of Judaism as regards that class of artistic manifestations in which the celebrated composer shows himself with regard to music.

From a careful consideration of the facts adduced, and which we have been enabled to comprehend by the investigation and justification of our invincible antipathy to the Jewish nature, the one thing especially apparent is the *incapability of our epoch in musical art*. Had the two Jewish composers of whom we have thus spoken at length really brought our music to higher excellence, § we should

† Whoever has observed the shameless listlessness and indifference of a Jewish congregation during the celebration of their musical service in the synagogue, will be able to comprehend why a Jewish operatic composer does not feel at all hurt on meeting with the same phenomenon in the theatrical public, and is able to continue working indefatigably for that public, as the phenomenon in question must strike him as less unbecoming at a theatrical performance than in the house of God.

§ Another characteristic fact is the position assumed by the other Jewish musicians, and, indeed, by educated Judaism generally, towards their two most celebrated composers. For the partisans of Mendelssohn the famous operatic composer in question is an object of horror; with a delicate senti-

* *Judaism in Music*. By Richard Wagner. Leipzig: J. J. Weber, 1869.

† Concerning the new Jewish system which has been raised upon this quality of Mendelssohn's music, and for the justification of this artistic agreement, we shall speak further on.

have been compelled to admit simply that the fact of our remaining behind them resulted from some organic incapacity to which we had fallen victims; but such is not the case; on the contrary, it is evident that, in comparison with by-gone periods of art, individual purely musical power has increased rather than diminished. The incapacity exists in the spirit of our art itself which demands a different life to that artificial life which is with difficulty sustained for it. The incapacity of this kind of music itself is displayed to us in the artistic labours of Mendelssohn, the specifically and unusually gifted musician; the nothingness of the entire public, its utterly in-artistic nature and desires, are most evident and clear from the successes of the celebrated Jewish operatic composer we have mentioned. These are the important points to which the attention of every one who cultivates art seriously should be now seriously directed; on these points we have to investigate, to interrogate ourselves, and to come to a clear understanding. Any one who shirks the trouble, any one who turns from such an investigation because he is not imperatively impelled thereto, or because he avoids the knowledge which might probably drive him out of the groove of an old system, devoid of thought and of feeling—any one who would act thus we include under the category of "Judaism in Music." The Jews could not master this art before it was requisite to exhibit in it precisely what they have demonstrably shown: its inward incapacity to live. As long as music, as a separate art, contained within itself a real and organic necessity for life, down to the time of Mozart and of Beethoven, there was not a single Jewish composer; it was impossible for an element entirely foreign to such a vital organization to take part in the conformations of such a life. It is not till a body is evidently dead within that the elements lying outside are able to obtain possession of, or merely to decompose it; then, it is true, the flesh of such a body is resolved into a swarming, multiple, life of worms; yet who, on beholding these latter, would say that the body itself was still alive? The spirit, that is: life, fled from the body to something with which it has affinity, and that is simply life itself; it is only in real life that we can again find the spirit of art, and not in its worm-devoured corpse.

I have said previously that the Jews have produced no true poet. This is the place to speak of Heinrich Heine. At the time when Goethe and Schiller were writing poetry among us, we know of no Jew who did so; at the time, however, when writing poetry among us became a lie, and everything, save a true poet, sprang from the completely unpoetic element of our life, it was the office of a highly-gifted poetizing Jew to expose, with irresistible raillery, this lie, this utter nullity and Jesuitical hypocrisy of our poetizing, which still endeavoured to pass itself off for poetry. He lashed mercilessly the musical celebrities of his own race, as well as other persons, for their pretence of being artists; no falsehood escaped his attacks; he was incessantly urged forward by the pitiless demon who denied everything that appeared to merit being denied, through all the illusions of modern self-deception, so far as to deceive himself by considering that he, too, was a poet, for which he had his poetic lies set to music by our composers.—He was the conscience of Judaism, just as Judaism is the evil conscience of modern civilization.

We have still to mention another Jew who appeared among us as a writer. He stepped out of his isolated position as a Jew to seek salvation among us; he did not find it, and was doomed to become convinced that he could find it only with the redemption which should render us, also, really men. To become a man in common with us is, however, for the Jew, tantamount, above all, to ceasing to be a Jew. Börne did this. But it is precisely Börne who has proved that this deliverance cannot be achieved with ease and with carelessly cold comfort, but that it cost him, like us, sweat, distress, anxiety, and a large amount of suffering and pain. Take part, without consideration of the consequences, in this work of redemption, bearing fresh offspring through self-destruction, and we are united

ment of honour they feel how much he compromises Judaism, as far as the more accomplished musician is concerned, and are, therefore, without pity for him. The faction of the other composer is, on the contrary, far more cautious in what they say about Mendelssohn, contemplating with envy rather than with open ill-will the success he has achieved in the world of "more sterling" music. It is the manifest object of a third party, that of these Jews who still go on composing, to avoid anything like scandal among themselves, in order to avoid all exposure, so that their process of producing music may proceed without any painful disturbances; the successes, which cannot be denied, of the great operatic composer are, therefore, in their opinion, worthy of consideration, and they think there must be something in what he does, though there is a good deal which they cannot approve or pronounce "solid." In fact, the Jews are far too clever not to know how matters stand with them.

and undistinguishable! But remember that there is only one means of redemption from the curse that weighs upon you, namely: *Annihilation!*

(To be continued.)

CONCERTS.

EVEN amid the thousand-and-one strong attractions of the present musical season interest was felt in the performance at St James's Hall, last Thursday night, of Mr F. H. Cowen's cantata, *St Ursula*, and a large number of amateurs gathered to hear and judge the work. *St Ursula*, as must be well remembered, was written for and produced at the Norwich Festival of 1881, but had never, previous to the occasion under notice, challenged the criticism of the metropolis. It underwent an ordeal, therefore, on Thursday, and we are bound to add, judging by the measures of applause bestowed, that it did so with gratifying success. The cantata was very fully noticed in our columns at the time of its Festival hearing, little more than six months ago. We then dwelt at length upon Mr R. E. Francillon's poetic version of the story of the legendary saint and her virgins; whose bones travellers on the Rhine may yet behold if they have faith to believe. The opinion then expressed upon its merits remains unchanged, and needs no repetition beyond this—when composing his poem Mr Francillon showed himself as heedless as most other librettists of the immense advantage which a composer derives from variety of rhythm. The monotony of the measure he has employed is a serious drawback even to the cantata as it stands, for though Mr Cowen made the best of the verses with which he was supplied, it was not in the nature of things that the difficulty should altogether be overcome. With regard to the music, further acquaintance increases the respect felt from the first towards an exceedingly earnest and painstaking effort. We cannot too highly commend the spirit of thoroughness shown in every number of the work; nor can we over-praise the evident desire to get out of the beaten track into a less trodden way. The spirit of thoroughness is always good, and we are happy to know that it increasingly characterises our young English composers; but the desire to strike out new paths, or to follow the foot-tracks of some pioneer genius may lead to danger unless exercised with caution. It is, at all events, certain that never in art can anything be gained by imitation when it involves a departure from the method and style which early preference and the force of education have made natural. A composer may transform himself, as Beethoven did, till the work done at fifty differs entirely from that produced at twenty. But Beethoven's transformation came from within, and was the reverse of that which happens when a man, by long contemplation of another, is "changed into the same image." It is ever best, we may depend upon it, not only for a composer to go into himself in search of ideas, but to follow the method of expression which comes most naturally to him. Between the thought and its proper utterance a subtle connection exists, which should always be, yet rarely is, recognized. Given the one, the other is not far off. Often, however, they are rudely separated by an exercise of will or whim, and the natural idea comes forth clothed in an artificial dress, to the injury of its effect, if not to the total loss of its power. All this was illustrated, we think, by the performance on Thursday night, first of *St Ursula* and next of the "Scandinavian" symphony, both from the same pen, and, as regards birth period, almost twin productions. In the cantata, with its "representative themes;" its frequent subordination of vocal to orchestral effects; its erratic harmonies, ever turning and twisting in unexpected directions, and its general air of unrest, we see Mr Cowen looking intently at Wagner, by him shaping the expression of thoughts which are not Wagnerian. But in the "Scandinavian" symphony we have Mr Cowen telling his own story in his own way. Idea and utterance are here one. A beautiful sense of unity prevails, and the result is strength—strength sufficient to carry the work to some of the most musical cities of the continent and bring it back laurel-crowned. The moral is obvious, and for the sake of the art which Mr Cowen, by his many and great gifts, is able to adorn, we trust he will never again be tempted aside by the fantastic paraphernalia of Wagnerism; even though, in so doing, he gain the sweet voices of a superfine circle. Those were attractive meadows through which Christian passed under the shadow of Doubting Castle, and into the grasp of Giant Despair. The performance, both of the cantata and the symphony, was not so good as might have been wished, orchestra and chorus equally failing. On the other hand, the vocal solos entrusted to Mdme Valleria, Miss Orridge, Mr Lloyd, and Mr King, were generally well delivered; Mr Lloyd carrying off honours by gaining an encore for the graceful song, "The river sings, the river flows." Mdme Valleria's operatic training enabled her to present Ursula's music in its most dramatic form; and now that this clever lady has appeared

on what may be called the oratorio platform, we trust she will remain there, a valuable addition to the brief list of English-speaking sopranos. Miss Orridge sang the contralto music artistically. How Mr Cowen, who conducted his own works, was applauded is easy to imagine. The verdict of the audience was all in his favour, and he will, doubtless, take courage from it, pressing on to yet higher things.—D. T.

FLORAL HALL.—A concert at the Floral Hall, with the Covent Garden company, was rendered more than usually interesting by the presence of Mme Christine Nilsson and the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, with the Duke of Edinburgh in a prominent and responsible position. The performance, in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music, was under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family, whose labours have been and are being so freely devoted to the establishment of this institution. The programme was particularly well chosen, and both parts began appropriately enough with works by English composers—Sterndale Bennett's fantasia overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, and Mr Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *The Merchant of Venice*. Both are too well known to amateurs to require new words of praise. If in the proposed school musicians are educated able to add worthily to the list of English orchestral productions, among which this overture and the Masque music hold high place, lasting thanks will be due to those by whose efforts the institution has been founded. These and the other two contributions of the Amateur Society—Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture (No. 3) and Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz*—were played both with precision and thorough appreciation. Signor de Reszké opened the vocal part of the concert with an admirable rendering of a romance called "Povera Rondinella"; Mme Trebelli followed with Blumenthal's romantic and poetical Hungarian air, "Catene di Rose"; and Signor Mierzwinsky gave with dramatic power and much sensibility a scene from Massenet's *Herodiade*. Mme Albani's "Ah! fors'è lui" was a natural consequence of the remarkable success of her recent performance of Violetta at Covent Garden, which it fully confirmed. After Beethoven's overture Mme Nilsson sang first Braga's serenade, "O quali mi risvegliano," with violin *obbligato* by the Duke of Edinburgh, and subsequently a couple of those characteristic Swedish melodies which the Swedish *prima donna* sings with such spirit and so charmingly. His Royal Highness was evidently somewhat nervous at the beginning of his task; but when this natural feeling was conquered, he played altogether admirably, both here and subsequently in the *obbligato* to Mme Albani's exquisite delivery of John Sebastian Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria." There is no royal road to success as a musician, except diligent practice and the earnest cultivation and development of musical sentiment; but this road the Duke has traversed with completely successful results. His tone is remarkably pure, his phrasing artistic in a high degree, and in these accompaniments he exhibited the great and rare merit of being in perfect sympathy with the singer. It is well for a Musical College whose patrons are thus skilled in the art they seek to advance. The only other song was M. Bouhy's, an air from Nicolo Isouard's *Jocunde*, with the familiar refrain, "Et l'on revient toujours à ses premiers amours."—D. L. R.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Herr Anton Rubinstein had earned for himself, by force of his symphony denominated *Ocean*, the reputation of being the composer of the longest known work of the kind ever produced. But, apparently unsatisfied with the ramifications of this "mighty monster," he has lately deemed it expedient to add to it another movement—the seventh—called *The Storm*, and this was performed for the first time in England at the twenty-second Saturday Concert. People might have imagined that one of the very first thoughts in his mind would be that of depicting a tempest; but Herr Rubinstein has only recently conceived such an episode to be at all pertinent. We do not think the Moldavian composer has done himself justice in *The Storm*, save as a writer for the big drum, in which respect he distances all rivals. Beethoven gave us a marvellous storm scene in his Pastoral Symphony, and Mendelssohn has left one of scarcely inferior grandeur in his "Scotch" Symphony. There is music in both of these, however, whereas in Herr Rubinstein's there is little else but noise and confusion. A passage from *Rigoletto*, where the flute imitates the irregular outline of a flash of forked lightning, has evidently lingered in his memory. On the whole, it is to be hoped that when next *The Ocean* is performed Mr Manns will adopt the fair-weather version and exclude the storm. Mlle Vera Timanoff played Liszt's flimsy fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra on themes from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* with considerable facility of execution, and, later on, contributed other pieces for pianoforte (unaccompanied) by Rubinstein and Liszt. The vocalists were the Misses Robertson, and the opening and concluding overtures were Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* (with Wagner's Coda), and Arthur Sullivan's charming overture, *Di Ballo*.

MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—The object of this society, which exists for the production of new compositions, was well served on Saturday night, when a number of works were performed in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music. Among the more important were a pianoforte trio in B flat, by Mr Alfred Gilbert, the interesting string quartet with which Mr C. E. Stephens carried off the first prize in a competition arranged by the Academical Board of Trinity College, London, and a pianoforte quintet in C, the work of Mr Algernon Ashton, whose earnest labours in the department of chamber music we have more than once noticed. The quintet, which was written about three years ago, exemplifies certain of the faults of youth in the boldness of its treatment and the excess of its effusiveness. It is, however, not prolix, nor does it strain the classic form which, we are glad to see, Mr Ashton always observes. The opening *allegro* shows considerable independence of idea, and no small degree of power; but the romance (*andante cantabile*) excites greater pleasure at first hearing, the *scherzo*, in this respect, coming not far behind. That the work generally evinces a happy musical faculty is beyond question, and, no doubt, its young author will learn in time that effect does not always depend on elaboration, and that there is often a good deal of beauty in repose of manner. Mr Ashton may be encouraged to go on. There is good stuff in him. In the performance of the quintet he was assisted by Messrs Buziau, Schneider, Blagrove, and Reed.—D. T.

FLORAL HALL.—The first concert of the season took place on Saturday afternoon, in the annex of the Royal Italian Opera-house, some of the principal artists associated with that establishment contributing a varied and attractive programme. Among prominent features was the fine singing of Mme Albani, who gave "Souvenir de 'miei prim' anni" (from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*) with the same vocal brilliancy and charm as on the stage performances in the opera. To these the gifted *prima donna* added Widor's "Nuit d'Etoiles" and the ballad "Robin Adair," being encored in the first and last of her performances. The important violin *obbligato* in Herold's *aria* was finely rendered by Mr Carrodus, who also played, with admirably finished taste and execution, Vieuxtemps' well-known *Réverie*. Mme Sembrich's cultivated powers were favourably exhibited in the *bravura* air, "Che pur aspro" (from Mozart's *Il Seraglio*), and in two German *Lieder*. Other vocal pieces were contributed by Mesdames Fursch-Madi, Ghiotti, Stahl, and Desvignes; MM. Mierzwinsky, De Reszké, Massart, Gailhard, Gresse, and Devries, the opera chorus, occasionally co-operating. Sir J. Benedict, Signors Bevnigani and Bisaccia were the conductors.

A CONCERT was given at the Poplar Town Hall on Tuesday, May 30th. The singers were Miss Clara Dowle, of the Guildhall School of Music, Messrs E. W. Giles and Edward Shale; the instrumentalists, Mr Percy Jackman (pianoforte), and Mr Stout (violin). Miss Dowle gave "It was a dream" (Cowen), "A little mountain lad," and "I cannot say good bye" (Roeckel), each being enthusiastically encored. Mr E. W. Giles sang Knowles' "Wrecked and saved," Blewitt's "Little fat grey man," and Watson's "Powder monkey" (encored). Mr Edward Shale contributed "Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee" (Hodson), "Come into the garden, Maud" (Balle), and "Once again" (Sullivan). Mr J. T. Stout's solos on the violin, and Mr Percy Jackman's on the pianoforte, were well played and much applauded.

MR EDWIN HOLLAND, the esteemed professor of singing, gave his annual concert on Wednesday evening at the Royal Academy of Music. The programme was made up chiefly of songs by modern composers, among the most successful being Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), sung, in the original key, with charming *naïveté*, by Mme Rose Hersee; Ardit's valse, "L'Estasi," by Miss Eleanor Farnol; "Quando le sere," by Mr Maas; and Pinsuti's "Bedouin's love song," by Mr Albert McGuckin (a young and promising barytone, brother to Mr Barton McGuckin). Mr Holland gave the aria "O casto fior," from Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, and joined Mr Albert McGuckin, Misses Ada Collin and Farnol in Pinsuti's quartet, "Good night." Several of Mr Holland's pupils were introduced to exhibit his effective teaching, and the programme was varied by Signor Tito Mattei playing a *melodie varié*, "Espoir," and a new "Waltz-Galop," both of his own composition, Miss Arthur and Signor Li Calsi contributing a fantasia on airs from *I Puritani*, arranged as a duet for two pianofortes. The stereotyped "calls" were awarded to all the artists.

MR POLLITZER.—An interesting concert was recently given in Steinway Hall by Mr A. Pollitzer, of whom it cannot be necessary to say that he is a resident violinist of high attainments and as high repute. The programme contained a strong infusion of the classic element. It began, with Schubert's always welcome quartet in D minor, last and greatest of the series of such works produced by that abundant labourer during his too short life. We may congratulate Mr Pollitzer, together with his talented associates,

Messrs Gibson, Jung, and Ould, upon the manner in which they discharged a task not to be lightly undertaken. The quartet is the very reverse of a trifle. It requires serious playing, such as the four artists above named gave it, in order that bare justice may be done. All the movements were well executed, but the palm fell to the rendering of the *Andante con moto*, which, as every amateur knows, is a set of variations upon the solemn theme of Schubert's own song, "Death and the Maiden." The variations were given with much taste, and made a great impression, applause at their close being long and loud. Mr Pollitzer subsequently introduced two violin solos—Spohr's well-known *Scena Cantante* ("Dramatic Concerto"—so called among us) and his own fantasia on themes from *La Favorita*. In the first-named piece the concert-giver proved worthy of his reputation. That he did justice to the passages of display will at once be assumed; but his rendering of the *canatina* may have surprised some present by the grace and tenderness of its expression. In this movement Mr Pollitzer was certainly at his best, and so thought the audience, if we may attach any significance to the applause which followed. Other features of the concert were Haydn's Quartet in G (No. 6), three Impromptus for the Pianoforte, by Mr J. F. Barnett, extremely well played by Miss Emma Barnett, and songs sung by Misses Carlotta Elliott and Helen D'Alton. Mr Henry Parker accompanied, contributing no little to the success of Spohr's *scena*, by his performance of the orchestral part as arranged for piano.

A CONCERT was given by Mrs E. Mitchell at the Athenæum, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, in aid of the funds of the West London Hospital, on Tuesday evening, the 9th May. The singers were Mdmes Frances Brooke, Osborne Williams, Isabelle Powers, and E. Mitchell; Signor Santo Arigoni, Messrs James Sauvage, A. F. Mills, Wakefield Reid and Tennyson Cole. The instrumentalists were Miss Mabel Bourne and Herr Lehmeier (pianoforte), and Herr Polonaski (violin). We hope the issue of Mrs Mitchell's philanthropic undertaking resulted in a handsome contribution to the charity. The exertions of all concerned in the concert were evidently *con amore*, and general praise was awarded them. Mrs Mitchell's contributions were Braga's "Serenata" (violin *obbligato*, Mr L. Foster) and Claribel's "Come back to Erin." Mdme Isabelle Powers gave, among other songs, Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" and Henry Smart's "Rhine Maiden"; Mdme Frances Brooke, Milton Wellings' "Some Day." Mdme Osborne Williams sang Watson's "Winter Story," and joined Mrs Brooke in Horn's "I know a bank." Herr Lehmeier played Gottschalk's "Danse Osianic" and a "Chaconne" by Durand, Miss Mabel Bourne a "Nocturne and Valse" by Chopin, and Schumann's "Carneval." Herr Polonaski played violin solos by Vieuxtemps, Polonaski, and Wieniawski; and the concert, conducted by Mr J. H. G. Ross, satisfied everyone.

ORGAN RECITAL.—At All Saints', Stoke Newington, on Thursday, May 25th, there was a full choral service—Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, in F (Tours); Anthem, "Send out Thy light" (Gounod)—followed by a "recital" by Mr Davan Wetton (organist of the church). The following is the programme:—

Sixth Sonata (Mendelssohn); Air varied, "Holworthy Church Bells" (Wesley); Grand Fantasia, "The Storm" (Lemmens); Toccata in F (Bach); (a) Cantilène (Solomé), (b) Postlude (Wely); Allegretto Grazioso (Tours); Marche Pontificale (Lemmens).

MDME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY arrived on Tuesday, and will play, this afternoon, Beethoven's early concerto in C major. The great French pianist might do worse than try on a future occasion Weber's first concerto, in the same key. She will be welcomed on all sides by genuine connoisseurs.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—Three programmes remain for hearing in connection with these concerts, and they are all full of interest. Next Thursday (June 8) will be performed the whole of Schumann's *Scenen aus Goethe's Faust*. This work is in three parts, of which the first and second illustrate well-known episodes in the life of the legendary Doctor; the third being devoted to the final and most mystical section of Goethe's philosophical drama. We believe that the whole of the scenes have never been given at a concert in England; and, looking at the character of the music, together with the unfading charm of the story, it may be expected that amateurs will largely avail themselves of an opportunity for which many have waited long. At the penultimate concert, June 15, Mdme Norman-Néruda will play Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Mr Charles Hallé will conduct a performance of Berlioz's *Harold en Italie*. The series will end on June 22 with Beethoven's great Mass in D, soprano solos by Mdme Albani.

TO "AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN."

SIR,—When you write your next arrogant and impertinently high-handed letter, be careful, should you quote from a poet, that you quote him correctly.

"He was a mighty poet,
With subtle-soul'd psychology,"
is nonsense.

"He was a mighty poet,
And a subtle-soul'd psychologist,"

is sense, and these are the words of the writer. In regard to the remainder of your communication, it is all moonshine. True, the Bayreuth performances in 1876 received little or no support from the inhabitants of that city, no matter of what denomination (burghers included); but what has that to do with Wagner?—Yours obediently, FIAT JUSTITIA.

GERMAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.—Now that the London public has been pretty well satiated with the *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre, it is pleasant to turn to Drury Lane, where, though a great deal of Wagner is in store for us, we shall have to consider him under varied phases. *Lohengrin*, for instance, is a thing *per se*. The legend is as clear and simple as the story of the *Sonnambula* itself, wherein it so essentially differs from *Tannhäuser*, its immediate precursor, and so essentially agrees with *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the immediate precursor of *Tannhäuser*. In addition to these, we are promised *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan und Isolde*, the former embodying Wagner's notion of a comic opera of the merriest and most boisterous, the latter his idea of a tragic opera of the deepest, the one as chaste and undefiled, no matter from what point of view its purely artistic merits may be adjudged, as the other, which Wagnerites *quand même* regard as the highest flight of their idol's genius, is the precise contrary. Both, however, will be heard with interest; and, indeed, anything that rids us of "All-Father Wotan" and his surroundings, will be welcome. *Rienzi*, Wagner's opera "after" (a long way after) Meyerbeer, is not to be vouchsafed to us; but its omission will hardly excite general consternation. Out of twenty-four performances no fewer than sixteen are devoted to Wagner, the remaining six comprising three representations of Weber's *Euryanthe*, and three of Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Mozart's enchanting *Così fan tutti* (a well of melody), originally contemplated, is abandoned at the eleventh hour—why, only Messrs Hermann Franke and Pollini, the spirited directors of the undertaking, can explain. Such an oasis in the wide Wagnerian desert would have been a veritable godsend. However, the series commenced successfully with a very fine performance of *Lohengrin*, under the direction of Herr Hans Richter, beyond comparison the best interpreter of Wagner's operas, and justly renowned as one of the foremost of living conductors. The four leading parts were admirably sustained by Mdme Rosa Sucher (Elsa), Mdme Joanna Garso-Dely (Ortrud), Dr Emil Kraus (Telramund), and Herr Hermann Winkelmann (Lohengrin), about whom—the first and last, the Elsa and the Lohengrin, especially—did space permit, a very great deal might be said. For the present, however, we must be content with a general verdict of unqualified approval. The audience, a very large one, was deeply impressed, but only gave vent to enthusiasm at the conclusion of each successive act. Almost identical criticism may apply to the performance of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Wagner's first opera with a myth for its theme, and the very first with which the English people were made acquainted, at Drury Lane Theatre, where Mr Mapleson gave Italian opera (or "opera in Italian") in 1870. The leading parts in this work, so familiar to our public, thanks to Mr Carl Rosa, were admirably personated by Mdme Rosa Sucher and Herr E. Gura. The Senta of Mdme Sucher stands a very little way off perfection, and a more complete realization of the "Holländer" ("Vanderdecken," as we have been accustomed to style him), than that of Herr Gura could hardly be thought of. The scene in which the half-demented visionary maiden first confronts the long-absorbing object of her dreams, was enough to stamp the whole performance. It could not have been more forcibly presented. All the rest was good in every particular—thanks not only to the competent representation of more or less subordinate parts, but to Herr Richter and the orchestra he directs with such rare ability. *Tannhäuser* followed in due course, and, though not only an inferior opera, of much less wholesome tendency than the *Fliegende Holländer*, was received with equal enthusiasm—thanks to the general excellence of the performance. In the character of Elizabeth, the pure and devoted Princess, Mdme Rosa Sucher added another to the triumphs she had already achieved as Elsa and Senta. Here, indeed, we have a variously-gifted artist—for no three parts could have possibly so little in common, although all three, from different points of view, are disinterested and devoted women.—*Graphic*.

THE LATE FABIO CAMPANA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your columns are ever open to appeals for help, and I have been requested to submit the following case for insertion in your journal:—The Cavaliere Fabio Campana, the well-known musical composer and teacher, who died very suddenly a short time since, left his English widow in very straitened circumstances. I am not, perhaps, exaggerating her position when I state that she has been left almost destitute, and this through no fault of her late husband, as he was working hard up to the very last. It is thought and hoped that not only the late *maestro's* many friends and numerous pupils, but a benevolent public generally—to whom his name must have been for more than a quarter of a century as "familiar as household words"—will respond to this appeal to aid his widow. I am instructed to state that the undermentioned ladies and gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of raising a fund for Mdme Campana, and have kindly consented to receive donations. Any sum, however small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the member of the committee to whom it is sent, and information will be ultimately given to each donor of the manner in which the fund has been laid out on behalf of Mdme Campana.—I remain, yours faithfully,

F. C. HUGHES-HALLETT, Lieut.-Colonel,
(Hon. Sec.)

[Committee—The Right Hon. Lord Lamington, 26, Wilton Crescent, S.W.; Mrs Harold Browne, Farnham Castle, Surrey; Miss Davenport Bromley, 12, Montagu Square, W.; General and Mrs Rich, 105, Onslow Gardens, S.W.; Mrs De Bunsen, Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W.; Mrs Gabrielle, 21, Queen's Gate Terrace, Hyde Park, S.W.; Mr and Mrs Quintin Twiss, 9, Chester Street, S.W.; Mrs Clere Talbot, 33, Queen's Road, St John's Wood, N.W.; Mrs Stirling, 3, Collingham Place, Cromwell Road, S.W.; Colonel Goodenough, 75, Belgrave Road, S.W.; Mr George Mowbray Sutherland, 117, Sloane Street, S.W.]

A LETTER FROM BUCHAREST.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR DISHLEY PETERS.—I fear you and the subscribers of the *Musical World* will entirely forget that you once had a contributor whose feeble effusions were signed "B. R." and who had some unjustifiable pretensions as a pianist.* I had hoped by my energetic correspondence to keep myself under, at least, the eyes of those whose ears I have spared during the last six months, but at present so little of musical importance takes place in Bucharest that I have felt compelled to remain silent. However, if you will submit to miscellaneous news I may perhaps find something to interest you.

The Roumanians are somewhat alarmed at Herr Neumann's menace to unravel the mysteries of the *Ring des Nibelungen* to the Bucharest public, and many express doubts as to his success. The feeble Italian Opera Companies usually engaged "go down" more favourably here, and although the German population is somewhat large, they do not form a sufficiently wealthy portion of society to support so expensive an enterprise alone. In a country where politics are so inextricably mixed up with everything, it is needless to add that the fact of Herr Neumann and his company being German does not further conduce to their popularity. To the Roumanians, Germans and Austrians are the same thing, and the latter are held in a detestation which the recent discussions on the Danubian question naturally tend to increase.

The weather (if I may be pardoned mentioning so hackneyed a subject) visited on us lately leads to the belief that Saint Demetrius, the patron saint of Bucharest, is amusing himself at our expense. It is the custom, after long absence of rain, to appeal to this lofty personage, and the body of the respected saint is brought forth in a silver coffin and trotted through the town, accompanied by a procession of 300 priests and crowds of the believers. The emotion displayed by the crowd is most touching. I have not seen such an ebullition of feeling since I have been in the country. It has been maliciously observed that the glass is always very low on the day fixed by the ecclesiastics for St Demetrius' promenade; as a matter of fact, since his last appearance in public, more than three weeks ago, it has scarcely left off raining, and the interests of the harvest demand a prompt cessation of his favours.

Last Monday, May 10th (old style), being the anniversary of the proclamation of Independence, the arrival of the present king in Bucharest, and his coronation last year, the occasion was celebrated by one of the brilliant *fêtes* in which Bucharest loves to indulge.

The streets and squares were most tastefully decorated with festoons of leaves and flags, principally, of course, the red, blue, and yellow of Roumania; but here and there the tricolor of France was observed, while from the British and American Legations, and *my own balcony*, the Union Jack of Old England "waved proudly in the wind." At 6 o'clock in the morning the cannons announced the opening of a national festival, and the sun intimated his intention of being present, "positively for this occasion only," as he has not condescended to appear since. Although the Roumanians are by no means a religious people, nothing can be done without the formula of an ecclesiastical ceremony; consequently at 10 o'clock the unfortunate King and Queen, neither of whom belong to the orthodox Greek Church, were dragged off to join the deputies and foreign ministers at the Cathedral. The service concluded, their Majesties returned to the Boulevard to review the troops. Two handsome pavilions were erected, one for the Queen and her special friends, the second for the diplomatists and other favoured persons. Some very handsome dresses were worn, and I may remark, *en parenthèse*, that the Roumanian ladies would sell their souls (probably, often do) for dress, which is carried to a most alarming extent. The march past began with the juvenile military school, consisting of all the small boys in Bucharest, soldiers in embryo, or perhaps, to be more truthful, in caricature, as the uniforms were somewhat incomplete and the rifles sham ones. They raised a feeble shout at stated intervals, to which the King good-naturedly responded. The "Guard" National followed, and, I must say, they are a very shabby lot; their worst enemy could not say they were kept for ornament. The fact of their supplying their own uniforms may partly account for their unmartial appearance. Some of the line regiments looked very well, and the Artillery and Cavalry really did King Carol, who is an enthusiastic soldier, credit. What struck me very much was the absence of any demonstration on the part of the crowd; the Roumanians evidently have but little sympathy with kings and queens. Only once during the procession—when the recently discovered standard of Tudor Vladimiresco, a celebrated patriot of 1821, appeared—was there any exhibition of warmth. Before leaving the Boulevard, the Queen, who, besides being a most distinguished woman and talented scholar, is extremely amiable and engaging, walked towards a group of the wounded soldiers standing near, and addressed them a few kind words. A strange contrast, the refined, elegant woman, and the rough, weather-beaten peasants, some still wearing their stained uniform, others having resumed their peasant dress. At five o'clock the King assisted at the banquet in the *Chaussée* given to the wounded; the repast appeared to me a most unappetizing one, but it met with keen appreciation. His Majesty's health was drunk, and the King, before leaving, presented his own Order, the Cross of Roumania, to an aged veteran who had taken part in the War of 1821. The town was brilliantly illuminated in the evening; and not the least pleased amongst the crowd was our charming Queen, who drove through all the principal streets.

I am longing to hear some of the music of which you seem to have too much in London. *Au revoir*.—Yours most sincerely,

ELISE JONNESCO (BESSIE RICHARDS).

Bucharest, May.

* The "feeble effusions" were singularly healthy, and the "unjustifiable pretensions" as singularly legitimate. Our fair communicator will, I feel persuaded, accept this "retort courteous" pacifically.—*Otto Beard*.

On his return from his concert tour in Scandinavia and Denmark, Herr Hans von Bülow spent a few days at Berlin. It is reported that he will shortly marry Mdle Schanzer, of the Ducal Theatre, Meiningen.

COLOGNE.—Not feeling at home in his new post as conductor at the Stadttheater, Hans Kössler, formerly director of the Dresden Liedertafel, has accepted a position on the staff of the Buda-Pesth Academy of Music.

BRUNSWICK.—At the conclusion of the present season, Franz Abt will resign the conductorship which he has held about thirty years at the Ducal Theatre. He thinks of residing permanently in Wiesbaden.

DRESDEN.—Dr Wüllner retires from the conductorship at the Theatre Royal. Like his predecessor, Krebs, he will henceforth conduct exclusively the music in the Roman Catholic Court-Church and the Symphony Concerts of the Royal band, remaining likewise, as heretofore, at the head of the Conservatory. E. Schuch succeeds him as operatic conductor.—The *Nibelungen* performances at the Residenztheater are fixed for the 8th, 9th, 11th, and 12th September. Director Neumann pays a rent of 1,200 marks a day, or the same sum forfeit money, should the performances, from any unforeseen cause, be found impracticable.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

At the Symphony Concert on June 8th, Schumann's *Faust* will be performed in its entirety, for the first time in England. The preparations for the performance of this grand work have been made at a very considerable expenditure of both energy and money, Mr Hallé bestowing on it the utmost care in his usual zealous manner. The choir has been carefully trained by Mr Otto Peiniger since the winter, and, together with the splendid band under Mr Hallé's direction, a fine rendering may well be anticipated. It would be deplorable, indeed, if such an important musical event passed without recognition from as many lovers of music as the St James's Hall can hold. From a programme enclosed we further derive the information that the accomplished Mdme Albani will sing the soprano part in Beethoven's great Mass in D at the last Symphony Concert on the 22nd inst., that Mdme Norman-Néruda is to play at the intermediate Mendelssohn's Concerto on the 15th, and that Mr Hallé will play Beethoven's Concerto in G, No. 4.—(Communicated.)

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MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The great musical event of the last month has been the English opera season at the Bijou Theatre. The Montague-Turner Opera Company, after a season in Sydney and a tour through New Zealand, made its first appearance in Melbourne in *opera seria* on the 27th ult. The company includes Misses Annis Montague (*prima donna*), Williams, and Josephine Deakin, Messrs Charles Turner, first tenor; Edward Farley, J. Gordon, and R. L. Skinner. Mr C. H. Templeton and Miss Lambert have been engaged on certain occasions to sing the parts of Count Arnheim in *The Bohemian Girl* and Lazarillo in *Maritana* respectively. The chorus is well-trained and the orchestra, under the conductorship of M. Leon Caron, is efficient. The operas already produced are *The Bohemian Girl*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Maritana*, the company's repertory also including *The Rose of Castile*, *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Fra Diavolo*, *The Maid and the Magpie*, and *Mignon*. All these are sung in English. On the 4th inst. *Lucia* was heard in English at Melbourne for the first time. Each of the three operas already brought out has had a run of a week. Miss Montague possesses a soprano voice of wide range and great flexibility, and Mr Turner possesses a tenor which he uses in a manly style. The season is to last for six weeks from the 27th ult.

A successful performance of *The Creation* was given in the Melbourne Town Hall on Good Friday night by the Philharmonic Society. Besides a large chorus and an efficient orchestra, the grand organ was used. The soloists were Mdme Gabriella Boema, soprano; Miss Bessie Pitts, contralto; Mr W. Walshe, tenor; and Mr Juniper, bass. Mr E. King was leader; Mr G. Peake, organist; and Mr David Lee, conductor. Mdme Boema, who has made herself a favourite in opera and concert, appeared for the first time at Melbourne in oratorio with legitimate success. The whole performance of Haydn's great work was creditable to the Philharmonic Society. The business arrangements were carried out in a satisfactory manner by Mr. R. B. Caunter, secretary.

On the same evening a sacred concert, consisting of selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, *The Creation*, *Elijah*, and *The Messiah* were given in the Exhibition Building. The leading vocalists were Misses Coy, Josephine O'Brien, and Venosta, Mrs Cutter, Mrs Ramsden, Messrs Paladini, W. R. Furlong, and B. T. Moroney. Mdme Tasca was solo pianist; Mr G. Sykes presided at the organ; Messrs Herz, W. R. Furlong, and A. Plumptre acting as conductors. The united choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral and St Francis' Church took part in the performance.

The Montague-Turner Opera Company gave Rossini's *Stabat Mater* at the Bijou Theatre on Good Friday evening.—Bent and Batchelder's Minstrels commenced a season at St George's Hall on the 8th inst.—The organ recitals at the Town Hall by Mr Daniel Lee, city organist, continue to be well patronized.

J. L. T. F.

Melbourne, April 12, 1882.

The Kennedy family have arrived in England from their recent tour in Canada and the United States.

A Sigh after the Cyclus.

Heigho! This is just what my tympanum dreaded!
And if—as the poets are given to sing,—
Sweet Sound and Sound Sense are at last to be wedded,
'Tis certainly not with a (Nibelung's) Ring!

Punch.

WAIFS.

Lohengrin has been given at Barcelona.

Carl Beck, the pianist, has been playing in Madrid.

Gomez, composer of *Il Guarany*, left Genoa recently for Brazil.

Bottesini gave a highly successful concert a short time since in Rome.

Carlini is writing an opera for Nevada (Mr Mapleson's erst *prima donna*).

Franz Liszt has returned to Weimar after his visit to Brussels and Antwerp.

A new fortnightly paper, *La Rivista Musicale*, has been published in Havannah.

Dalmau is engaged as conductor next season at the Teatro San Carlo, Lisbon.

M. Henri Capelly has taken a three years' lease of the Théâtre Bellecour, Lyons.

The tenor, Signorette, has succeeded Masini at the Teatro San Fernando, Seville.

Masini, the Verdi-tenor, has been created Knight of the Order of the Italian Crown.

Zagury-Harris has appeared with applause as Lucia at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.

Boccabadati has been appointed singing-mistress at the Rossini Conservatory, Pesaro.

The Theatre at Sibel-Abbes, Algiers, has been burnt to the ground. No lives lost.

Mr Carl Rosa has returned from the Continent and will remain in London until August.

Nearly all the Italian opera company, headed by Gayarre, have left Bilbao for Valladolid.

Another pianistic precocity, Luis Gonzales, aged eleven, has appeared at Cartagena, Spain.

It is hoped that the monument at Venice to Goldoni will be inaugurated in a few months.

The Schiller Association, Trieste, have given a successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*.

Adelina Patti, according to the Boston (U.S.) *Musical Record*, returns to America in November.

Campanini gave a concert on the 8th May in Steinway Hall, New York, in aid of the local Italian charities.

Moses op den Nijl, an oratorio by Emil Wambach, was recently performed by the Schoolpenning, Antwerp.

Mad. Therese Devrient, widow of Eduard Devrient, the historian of the German stage, has died at Carlsruhe.

On leaving Valladolid, Tamberlik's Italian opera company went to Leon, where they were to give six performances.

A performance of Mozart's *Requiem* in the Conservatory, Milan, by the Choral Society, made a profound impression.

Marie Geistinger is now at her house in Kärnten. Next winter she will make another tour through the United States.

Friedrich-Materna is to sail from America on the 10th inst., having promised to meet Wagner on the 25th in Bayreuth.

The illustrious Italian tragedian, Tomaso Salvini, will shortly give a few performances at the Politeama Rossetti, Trieste.

A two-act opera, *Un Bacio al Diavolo*, by A. Sauvage, of Florence, has been produced at the Anfiteatro Fenice, Trieste.

Levy, the cornet-player, has returned from Europe to America, and is engaged for the summer at the Brighton, Coney Island.

Strass, hitherto first solo female dancer at the Theatre Royal, Munich, has deserted Terpsichore and made her *début* as a singer.

Pasqua and Gayarre are engaged for next season at the San Carlo, Lisbon, negotiations being also in progress with Borghi-Mamò and Tamagno.

After a tour in Holland, Germany, and Austria, Maurice Dengremont, the young violinist, has returned to Paris, where he will give some concerts.

One of the best living Spanish dramatists, D. José Velera, has been appointed Professor of Elocution at the National School of Music, Madrid.

Having conducted this year's three grand American festivals, Mr Theodore Thomas will go to Bayreuth and not to San Francisco, as previously announced.

8,630 singers from all parts of Germany have already announced their intention of taking part in the German Singers' Festival, to be held at Hamburg in August.

The Teatro Carlo Felice, which was nearly being destroyed by fire a short time since, will open for the Carnival season with a grant of 100,000 francs from the Municipality.

Gluck's *Betrogener Kadi* will very shortly be performed at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, and with it *Holländische Bilder*, a ballet given a few years ago at some court festivities.

Anton Rubinstein is in Moscow, where he will conduct the three Orchestral Concerts given by the Society of Music. He returns in June to Peterhof to finish a grand ballet, which will be published in the autumn.

The Duke of Albany in acknowledging the congratulatory resolution from the Board of Management of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, informed the Board that the Duchess of Albany had expressed her gracious intention of interesting herself in the Hospital by becoming a Patroness. This, we believe, is the first indication of interest in English Charitable Institutions which has been given by our new Princess. The new Hospital, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Princess of Wales in July, 1880, will be ready for occupation by the latter part of the present year. (Communicated.)

FORLÌ.—Masini, the tenor, a native of this little town, being resolved to give the inhabitants an operatic treat such as they never before enjoyed, produced *Les Huguenots*, with a cast which, besides himself, included Turolla, Torresella, Maini, and Vaselli. Drigo officiated as conductor.

BERGAMO.—The fiftieth anniversary of the first production of Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* was celebrated on the 19th ult. at the Teatro delle Varietà. Sig. Loggheder wrote a hymn for the occasion. On the stage was a bust of Donizetti surrounded by flags and crowned with laurels, while before its base were strewn wreaths and flowers.

BERLIN.—Herr Angelo Neumann has leased the Nationaltheater from the 1st October next to the 1st May, 1883, for the purpose of making it exclusively a Wagner Theatre. He will give "*Nibelungen Cycles*," *Tristan und Isolde*, *Lohengrin*, and, if possible, *Parsifal*.—The Museum has been enriched with a number of curious Japanese musical instruments from the collection of Dr Leopold Muller, for many years private physician to the Mikado.

MILAN.—The Orchestral Society, having brought their series of concerts at the Scala to an end, are making a tour, in the course of which they will visit Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice. Faccio, the conductor, accompanies them.—The Swedish harpist, Adolph Sgöden, gave a concert lately in the Royal Conservatory of Music, playing, among other things, a Fantasia on Swedish songs, a Concerto by Oberthür, and compositions by Bach, Mozart, Bovic, and Bazzini.

KREUZNACH.—A musical festival, the fifth since 1875, was held here on the 14th and 15th ult. The first day was devoted to Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, and the second to an Artists' Concert, as it is termed, the principal feature in which was *Königstochter und Page*, for chorus, vocal soloists, and orchestra, by Hugo Willemssen, formerly musical director at Bingen. The chorus numbered 201 members, and the orchestra, which gave Beethoven's "*Leonore Overture*," No. 3, and Johann Brahms' "*Akademische Ouverture*," in capital style, was the band of the Establishment (*Curcapellie*) under Herr A. Parlow. The chief director of the entire festival was Gisb. Enzian.

BAYREUTH.—The cast of *Parsifal* is now definitively fixed as follows:—Parsifal, Jäger, Vogl, Winkelmann, and Gudehus; Kundry, Mdlle Marianne Brandt, Mdmes Materna, Malten, and Vogl; Gurnemanz, Herren Scaria and Siehr; Amfortas, Herren Reichmann and Fuchs, the latter appearing also as Titirel. The conductors will be Herren Levi and Fischer, from the Theatre Royal, Munich.

VIENNA.—A series of negotiations between the management of the Imperial Operahouse and Mad. Wilt, have resulted in the original eight nights for which she was engaged being extended to fourteen. In order to give a performance of Goldmark's opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, which has not been played for a considerable time, the management have secured the services of Voggenhuber and her husband, Krolp, the bass, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. Voggenhuber replaces Materna, absent on leave, as the Queen, and Marie Wilt will appear as Sulamith. The idea of giving Ambroise Thomas's *Françoise de Rimini*, and Donizetti's *Duca d'Alba*, has been for the present abandoned for pecuniary reasons. On the other hand, negotiations are pending with Verdi for the performance of his *Don Carlos*, or *Simon Boccanegra*. We cannot felicitate the management. Herr Paul Mader, a former prizeman at the Conservatory, has been provisionally engaged to succeed Herr Paumgartner as "Correpetitor."

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